

60 Barclay's Bank
120 Broadway
Equitable Bldg
July 27th 1936.

Dear Ernest Hemingway and where ever you are
I am in a way the woman
in your story of "The Snows of Kilimanjaro" - but that
I was ~~born~~ raised in South Africa. a ^{very} ~~page~~ ^{lovely}
compelling country - good to write about too good
to live in for keeps.

Your smooth, strong coloring is
knowingly fine with expanse and bright warmth all in.
Your story woman at least had
the man she loved die by her side - mine ~~certainly~~
abandoned me - after four years of married life
what you ask me has that go to do with you? on
page 195 of the August Esquire (3rd paragraph of your
story) is identically what has happened in my life.

I am 10 years older than my
husband & I fell in love with him - an extremely
handsome son of a gun. Strong yet soft, an
invisible quality, poise. Know now he was a
love child - I looked him - were married in two
baptism. Honey-mooned romantically, messed

with discomfort in tent on a cliff top - the
 radiant with Edwin husband, pure ocean
 breezes & sand dunes - though punishment was
 unremovable sand from my teeth to my bottoms.

Emphatically ~~then~~ this was the
 time for warm love making and we did.

Uncomfortably then we arose with
 the heavenly colours and the dawn - the sun a
 giant red disc stuck in dem Himmel mit
 luzückenden blaze - because it was too bright for our
 eyes ^{to sleep further.} - Thus for 6 weeks - We (tent & cliff top) to
 be blown away later by a 60 mile wind (September
 1932 North Truro Beach) Found a shack - which was
 made from O'neil's "they said" (Everything one
 touched sometime or other belonged to O'neil I thought.)

My husband wrote a few
 stinking novels - yes published ~~and~~ actually.
 Made indescribable love to everybody "for experience
 only Kitty" and drank frantically - layed all day
 long on beach, "destroying" (quoting you) meanwhile
 his body & mind by love making & drinking all night
 blaming (your word) me. Howled like a mad
 thing, how much he hated me "a stone around
 my neck Kitty" and "why the Hell dont you leave
 me I cant bear the sight of you - you're so
 ugly & old and god damn it I wish you were
 dead."

Too funny much has happened
 during that & this time to introduce briefly here.

II

Mr Herringway help me.

Your writing is important - vitally
alive, honest & real - He reads you - cannot
You pull him up -

He wants a divorce - our
names ^{are} ~~is~~ Edwin and Kitty Armstrong. He is
on the road to perdition - entirely unmoved
"A flame" with desire of a younger & beautiful
woman - Frantically loathing me at all
at any cost to be rid of me.

In despair and with salutations
Kitty Armstrong.

July 27th 1936

c/o Barclays Bank

120 Broadway

New York City N.Y.

AFTER 5 DAYS, RETURN TO

MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA



Mr Ernest Henningson
Key West, Fla.